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 Cooke's Pocket Edition of
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 Plate First Complains. Page 30.





COOKE'S EDITION OF SELECT POETS.



Engraved by W. Bayley, from an Original Painting.

OTWAY.

Printed for C. Cooke, Paternoster Row. Sep^r 20 1796.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS OTWAY.
WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

The stings of want when famish'd Otway bore,
Oh! think what pangs the gentle spirit tore!
Awake to mourn, and exquisite to feel
How Sorrow rives him with her hand of steel.
Thou brightest Fancy, softest, kindest soul,
There sway'd the Tragic Muse with high control;
And Venus kiss'd thy lips, and bath'd thy strain
In purest nectar, but she bath'd in vain,
Child of the Graces, nursling of the Loves,
In houseless beggary poor Otway roves.
Lo! some kind hand the tardy boon supplies.
A sickly lustre fills his hollow eyes;
With trembling haste he grasps the precious meal,
The damps of death his weary eye-lids seal.

Preston.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

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Great-Britain and
Ireland.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS OTWAY.

CONTAINING HIS

WINDSOR CASTLE,
POET'S COMPLAINT,
PHAEDRA TO HIPPOLYTUS,

EPISTLES,
PROLOGUES,
EPILOGUES.

&c. &c. &c.

But wherefore need I wander wide
By old Ilissus' verdant side,
Deserted stream, and mute?
Wild Aruntoo has heard thy strains,
And Echo, 'midst thy native plains,
Been sooth'd by Pity's lute.
There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentle Otway's infant head;
To him thy cell was shewn;
And, while he sung, the female heart,
With youth's soft notes unspoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.
Collins' Ode to Pity.

London :

PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.

THE
FOLIOCAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS OTWAY

CONTAINING
A
LIST OF THE
WORKS
OF
THE
AUTHOR

THE
FOLIOCAL
WORKS
OF
THOMAS
OTWAY
IN
FIVE
VOLUMES
WITH
A
LIST
OF
THE
WORKS
OF
THE
AUTHOR

BY
J. H. STODOLSKY
NEW YORK
1854

LIFE OF OTWAY.

THE Life of Thomas Otway, though he is one of the most distinguished names in the British Drama, affords very little that can give the biographer pleasure in relating, or the reader in perusing.

He was born at Trotton in Suffex, March 3d, 1651, the son of the Reverend Humphrey Otway, Rector of Woolding in that County. He received his education at Winchester-school, and was entered a Commoner of Christ-church Oxford, in 1669, but left the university without a degree, whether from the circumscribed state of his finances, or impatience of academical restraint, is not known.

It seems probable that he was eager to mingle with the world, for he went to London and commenced actor, but found himself incapable of acquiring any reputation on the stage. In the *Roscius Anglicanus*, written by Downes, the prompter, we learn that it was the character of the King in Mrs. Behn's *Forced Marriage*, or the *Jealous Bridegroom*, which Otway attempted to perform and failed in. This event appears to have happened in the year 1671. On this circumstance Dr. Johnson has the following observation:

“ This kind of inability he shared with Shakespeare and Jonson, as he shared likewise some of their excellencies. It seems reasonable to expect that a great dramatic poet should without difficulty become a great actor: that he who can feel, could express; and that he who could excite passion, should exhibit with great readiness its external modes--But since experience has fully proved that of those powers, whatever be their affinity, one may be possessed in a great degree by him who has very little of the other, it must be allowed that they depend upon different faculties, or a different use of the same faculty; that the actor must have a pliancy of mien, a flexibility of countenance, and a variety of tones, which the poet may easily be supposed to want, or that the at-

tention of the poet and the player has been differently employed. The one has been considering and the other acting; one has watched the heart, and the other contemplated the face."

Though Otway could not acquire much reputation as an actor, the sprightliness of his conversation and the acuteness of his wit gained him the favour of the Earl of Plymouth, one of the natural sons of Charles II. who procured him a Cornets commission in some troops which then served in Flanders. But Otway did not long retain his military character, for he soon left his commission behind him, and returned to London in extreme indigence, which *Rochester* mentions with merciless insolence in his *Session of the Poets*.

- "Tom Otway came next, Tom Shadwell's dear Zany,
 "And swears, for heroics, he writes best of any:
 "Don Carlos his pockets so amply had fill'd,
 "That his minge was quite cur'd, and his lice were all kill'd;
 "But Apollo had seen his face on the stage,
 "And prudently did not think fit to engage
 "The scum of a play-house, for the prop of an age.

As he felt such powers as might qualify him for a dramatic author, he exchanged the chance of reaping laurels in the field of victory for the equally uncertain and more barren laurels of poetry, and soon discovered that writing for the stage was the principal employment that nature had fitted him for.

Accordingly, in 1675, his twenty-fifth year, he produced *Alcibiades*, a Tragedy, his first performance; whether from the *Alcibiades* of Palaprat is uncertain. *Don Carlos* from which he is represented as having received so much benefit, was performed the same year. It appears, by the Lampoon, to have great success, and is said to have run thirty nights. This however it is reasonable to doubt, as so long a continuance of one play upon the stage is a very wide deviation from the practice of that time, when the ardour for theatrical entertainments was not yet diffused through the whole people, and the audience, consisting nearly of the same persons, could be drawn together only by variety.

In

In 1677 he produced *Titus* and *Berenice*, translated from Racine, with *The Cheats of Scapin* from Moliere, in 1678 *Friendship in Fashion*, a Comedy, which at its first representation met with success; but on its revival was hissed off the stage for immorality and obscenity.

Dr. Johnson with truth observes that "want of morals or of decency, did not in those days exclude any man from the company of the wealthy and the gay, if he brought with him any powers of entertainment; and Otway is said to have been at this time a favourite companion of the dissolute wits. But as he who desires no virtue in his companion has no virtue in himself, those whom Otway frequented had no purpose of doing more for him than to pay his reckoning. They desired only to drink and laugh; their fondness was without benevolence, and their familiarity without friendship." Men of wit, says one of Otway's biographers, received at that time no favour from the great, but to share their riots; from which they were dismissed to their own narrow circumstances. Thus they languished in poverty without the support of eminence.

The *Orphan* was exhibited in 1680. This is one of the few plays that kept possession of the stage, and has pleased for more than a century, through all the vicissitudes of dramatic fashion. Dr. Johnson says of this play "nothing new can be said. It is a domestic tragedy, drawn from middle life; its whole power is upon the affections; for it is not written with much comprehension of thought, or elegance of expression; but if the heart is interested, many other beauties may be wanting, yet not be missed." The same year he produced *The History and Fall of Caius Marius*, in which the characters of young *Marius* and *Lavinia* are borrowed from the *Romeo* and *Juliet* of Shakespeare.

In 1683 he produced *The Soldier's Fortune*, a Comedy, which may have been popular when it was written, for licentiousness then polluted the court, the nation, and the stage; but it is now entirely laid aside.

In

In 1682 appeared his great dramatic work, *Venice Preserved*, a tragedy, which has long continued to be a favourite of the public, though there is not a virtuous character in it, but that of *Belvidera*, and the action is absurdly diversified by scenes of low comedy. So amazing, however, is the force of his skill in drawing the characters originally from nature, and in blending public and private virtues, that the distress of *Belvidera* melts every heart, and the ruffian on the wheel is as much an object of pity as if he had been brought down to that unhappy fate by some honourable action. By comparing this with his *Orphan*, it will appear that his images were by time become stronger, and his language more energetic. The striking passages are in every mouth, and the public seems to judge rightly of the faults and excellencies of this play, that it is the work of a man not attentive to decency, nor zealous for virtue; but who conceived forcibly, and drew originally, by consulting nature in his own breast.

In 1684 was exhibited *The Atheist*, or *The Second part of The Soldiers Fortune*, a comedy; which was his last dramatic performance, and is now deservedly neglected, like the other, for licentiousness.

Besides his plays, Otway published *The History of the Triumvirate*, a translation from the French, and the poems in the present collection. All this was performed before he was thirty four years old; for he died April 14, 1685, in a manner which humanity shudders to mention. Having been compelled by his necessities to contract debts, and hunted, as Dr. Johnson expresses it, by the barriers of the law, he retired to a public house, on Tower-hill, where he is said to have died of want; or, as it is related by one of his biographers, by swallowing, after a long fast, a piece of bread which charity had supplied. He went out, as is reported, almost naked, in the rage of hunger, and finding a gentleman in a neighbouring coffee-house, asked him for a shilling. The gentleman gave him a guinea, and Otway.

way, going away, bought a roll, the first mouthful of which choked him, and put a period to his days. All this we hope, for the sake of humanity, is not true; and there is ground of better hope, as Pope, who lived near enough to be well informed, relates, in *Spence's Memorials*, that he died of a fever, caught by violent pursuit of a thief who had robbed one of his friends. Whatever may have been the immediate cause of his death, it is certain that indigence and its concomitants, sorrow and despondency, pressed hard upon him, and sunk him to the grave.

His melancholy has been wept by many succeeding poets, with the genuine tears of sensibility, and particularly by Mr. Preston, in an *Epistle to a Young Gentleman*, dissuading him from the study of poetry, by a pathetic enumeration of the martyrs of the lyre.

“ The stings of want when famish’d Otway bore,
 “ Oh! think what pangs the gentle spirit tore!
 “ Awake to mourn, and exquisite to feel
 “ How sorrow rives him with her hand of steel.
 “ Then brightest fancy, softest, kindest soul,
 “ There sway’d the tragic muse with high control;
 “ And Venus kiss’d thy lips, and bath’d thy strain
 “ In purest nectar; but she bath’d in vain.
 “ Child of the Graces, nursling of the Loves,
 “ In houseless beggary poor Otway roves.
 “ Lo! some kind hand the tardy boon supplies,
 “ A sickly lustre fills his hollow eyes;
 “ With trembling haste he grasps the precious meal,
 “ The damps of death his weary eye-lids seal.”

Critics observe, that like Shakespeare and Rowe, the genius of Otway was chiefly adapted to dramatic composition, in which he stood unrivalled by his cotemporaries, and has not been exceeded by his successors. His power upon the passions was unlimited, in his dramatic writing; but his reputation bears no degree of proportion, respecting his poems. Dr. Johnson observes, that he had not much cultivated versification, nor much replenished his mind with general knowledge. The longest of his poems is the *Poet's Complaint of his Muse*, written in the style and manner of the Pindaric Ode; the language is sometimes gross, and the versification frequently inharmonious. In his *Windfor Castle*, his loyalty is conspicuous, and many of the lines are

are entitled to praise. The *Epistle to Duke* has some sprightliness, and many pleasing flights of fancy; his principal power was in moving the passions, to which Dryden, in his latter years, left an illustrious testimony.

In fine, his tragedies are the foundation of his fame, on which it is unnecessary to enlarge, as the pathetic passages are in every mouth, and every representation draws tears from the fairest eyes in the nation. He appears, by some of his verses, to have been a zealous royalist and had what was in those times the common reward of loyalty;—he lived and died neglected



WINDSOR CASTLE.
IN A MONUMENT TO OUR LATE SOVEREIGN
KING CHARLES II.
OF EVER BLESSED MEMORY.

"Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
 "Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ;
 "Semper Honos, Nomenque tuum, Laudesque manebunt.
 "Si canimus sylvas, syvæ sint Consule dignæ."

Virgil.

To the immortal Fame of our late dread Sovereign King Charles II. of ever blessed Memory; and to the sacred Majesty of the most august and mighty Prince James II. now by the Grace of God King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. this following Poem is in all humility dedicated by his ever devoted and obedient Subject and Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

THOUGH poets immortality may give,
 And Troy does still in Homer's numbers live:
 How dare I touch thy praise, thou glorious frame,
 Which must be deathless as thy raiser's name:
 But that I, wanting fame, am sure of thine 5
 To eternize this humble song of mine?
 At least the memory of that more than man,
 From whose vast mind thy glories first began,
 Shall ev'n my mean and worthless verse commend,
 For wonders always did his name attend. 10
 Though now, alas! in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.
 Great were the toils attending the command
 Of an ungrateful and a stiff-neck'd land,
 Which, grown too wanton, 'cause 'twas over-blest, 15
 Would never give its nursing father rest;
 But, having spoil'd the edge of ill-forg'd law,
 By rods and axes had been kept in awe;
 But that his gracious hand the sceptre held,
 In all the arts of mildly guiding skill'd; 20
 Who saw those engines which unhing'd us move,
 Griev'd at our follies with a father's love,

Knew the vile ways we did t' afflict him take,
 And watch'd what haste we did to ruin make;
 Yet when upon its brink we seem'd to stand, 25
 Lent to our succour a forgiving hand,
 Though now, alas! in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels thence arise.

Mercy's indeed the attribute of heaven,
 For gods have power to keep the balance even, 30
 Which if kings loose, how can they govern well?
 Mercy should pardon, but the sword compel:
 Compassion's else a kingdom's greatest harm,
 Its warmth engenders rebels till they swarm;
 And round the throne themselves in tumults spread, 35
 To heave the crown from a long-sufferer's head.
 By example this that godlike king once knew,
 And after, by experience, found too true.

Under Philistian lords we long had mourn'd,
 When he, our great deliverer, return'd; 40
 But thence the deluge of our tears did cease,
 The royal dove shew'd us such marks of peace:
 And when this land in blood he might have laid,
 Brought balsam for the wounds ourselves had made.
 Though now, alas! in the sad grave he lies, 45
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

Then matrons bless'd him as he pass'd along,
 And triumph echo'd through th' enfranchis'd throng:
 On his each hand his royal brothers shone,
 Like two supporters of Great Britain's throne: 50
 The first, for deeds of arms, renown'd as far
 As Fame e'er flew to tell great tales of war;
 Of nature generous, and of steadfast mind,
 To flattery deaf, but ne'er to merit blind,
 Reserv'd in pleasures, but in dangers bold, 55
 Youthful in actions, and in conduct old,
 True to his friends, and watchful o'er his foes,
 And a just value upon each bestows:
 Slow to condemn, nor partial to commend,
 The brave man's patron, and the wrong'd man's friend.
 Now justly seated on th' imperial throne, 61
 In which high sphere no brighter star e'er shone:

Virtue's great pattern, and rebellion's dread,
 Long may he live to bruise that serpent's head,
 Till all his foes their just confusion meet, 65
 And growl and pine beneath his mighty feet!

The second, for debates in council sit,
 Of steady judgment and deep piercing wit;
 To all the noblest heights of learning bred,
 Both men and books with curious search had read: 70
 Fathom'd the ancient policies of Greece,
 And having form'd from all one curious piece,
 Learnt thence what springs best move and guide a state.
 And could with ease direct the heavy weight.

But our then angry fate great Glo'ster seiz'd, 75
 And never since seem'd perfectly pleas'd:
 For oh! what pity, people bless'd as we
 With plenty, peace, and noble liberty,
 Should so much of our old disease retain,
 To make us surfeit into slaves again! 80

Slaves to those tyrant lords whose yoke we bore,
 And serv'd so base a bondage to before;
 Yet 'twas our curse, that blessings flow'd too fast,
 Or we had appetites too coarse to taste.

Fond Israelites, our manna to refuse, 85
 And Egypt's loathsome flesh-pots murmuring chuse.
 Great Charles saw this, yet hush'd his rising breast,
 Though much the lion in his bosom prest:

But he for sway seem'd so by nature made,
 That his own passions knew him, and obey'd: 90
 Master of them, he soften'd his command,
 The sword of rule scarce threaten'd in his hand:

Stern majesty upon his brow might sit,
 But smiles, still playing round it, made it sweet:
 So finely mix't, had Nature dar'd t' afford 95
 One least perfection more, each had been ador'd.

Merciful, just, good-natur'd, liberal, brave,
 Witty, and pleasure's friend, yet not her slave;
 The paths of life by noblest methods trod;
 Of mortal mold, but in his mind a god. 100

Though now alas! in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

In this great mind long be his cares resolv'd,
 And long it was ere the great mind resolv'd:
 Till weariness at last his thoughts compos'd; 105
 Peace was the choice, and their debates were clos'd.
 But oh!
 Through all this isle, where it seems most design'd,
 Nothing so hard as wish'd-for peace to find.
 The elements due order here maintain, 110
 And pay their tribute in of warmth and rain:
 Cool shades and streams, rich fertile lands abound,
 And Nature's bounty flows the seasons round.
 But we, a wretched race of men, thus blest,
 Of so much happiness (if known, possess) 115
 Mistaking every noblest use of life,
 Left beauteous Quiet, that kind, tender wife,
 For the unwholesome, brawling harlot, Strife.
 The man in power, by wild ambition led,
 Envy'd all honours on another's head; 120
 And to supplant some rival, by his pride
 Embroil'd that state his wisdom ought to guide.
 The priests, who humble temperance should possess,
 Sought silken robes and fat voluptuous ease;
 So, with small labours in the vineyard shown, 125
 Forsook God's harvest to improve their own.
 That dark ænigma (yet unriddled) law,
 Instead of doing right, and giving awe,
 Kept open lifts, and at the noisy bar,
 Four times a year proclaim'd a civil war, 130
 Where daily kinsman, father, son, and brother,
 Might damn their souls to ruin one another.
 Hence cavils rose 'gainst Heaven's and Cæsar's cause,
 From false religions and corrupted laws;
 Till so at last rebellions base was laid, 135
 And God or king no longer were obey'd.
 But that good angel, whose surmounting power
 Waited great Charles in each emergent hour,
 Against whose care hell vainly did decree,
 Nor faster could design than that foresee, 140
 Guarding the crown upon his sacred brow
 From all its blackest arts, was with him now,

Assur'd him peace must be for him design'd,
 For he was born to give it all mankind.
 By patience, mercies large, and many toils, 145
 In his own realms to calm intestine broils,
 Thence every root of discord to remove,
 And plant us new with unity and love.
 Then stretch his healing hands to neighbouring shores,
 Where slaughter rages, and wild rapine roars; 150
 To cool their ferments with the charms of peace,
 Who, so their madness and their rage might cease,
 Grow all (embracing what such friendship brings)
 Like us the people, and like him their kings.
 But now, alas! in the sad grave he lies, 155
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

For this assurance pious thanks he paid;
 Then in his mind the beauteous model laid,
 Of that majestic pile, where oft, his care
 A-while forgot, he might for ease repair: 160
 A seat for sweet retirement, health, and love,
 Britain's Olympus, where, like awful Jove,
 He pleas'd could sit, and his regards bestow
 On the vain, busy, swarming world below.
 E'en I, the meanest of those humble swains, 165
 Who sang his praises through the fertile plains,
 Once in a happy hour was thither led,
 Curious to see what Fame so far had spread.
 There tell, my muse, what wonders thou didst find,
 Worthy thy song, and his celestial mind. 170

'Twas at that joyful hallow'd day's return,
 On which that man of miracles was born,
 At whose great birth appear'd a noon-day star,
 Which prodigy foretold yet many more;
 Did strange escapes from dreadful Fate declare, 175
 Nor shin'd, but for one greater king before.
 Though now alas! in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

For this great day were equal joys prepar'd,
 The voice of triumph on the hills was heard; 180
 Redoubled shoutings wak'd the echo's round,
 And cheerful bowls with loyal vows were crown'd.

But, above all, within those lofty towers,
 Where glorious Charles then spent his happy hours,
 Joy wore a solemn, though a smiling face; 185
 'Twas gay, but yet majestic as the place;
 Tell then, my muse, what wonders thou didst find
 Worthy thy song and his celestial mind.

Within a gate of strength, whose ancient frame
 Has outworn Time, and the records of Fame, 190
 A reverend * dome there stands, where twice each day
 Assembling prophets their devotions pay,
 In prayers and hymns to heaven's eternal king,
 The cornet, flute, and shawm, assisting as they sing.
 Here Israel's mystic statutes they recount, 195
 From the first tables of the holy mount,
 To the blest gospel of that glorious Lord,
 Whose precious death salvation has restor'd.
 Here speak, my muse, what wonders thou didst find
 Worthy thy song and his celestial mind. 200

Within this dome a shining † chapel's rais'd,
 Too noble to be well describ'd or prais'd.
 Before the door, fix'd in an awe profound,
 I stood, and gaz'd with pleasing wonder round,
 When one approach'd who bore much sober grace, 205
 Order and ceremony in his face;
 A threatening rod did his dread right hand poize,
 A badge of rule and terror o'er the boys:
 His left a massy bunch of keys did sway,
 Ready to open all to all that pay. 210
 This courteous squire, observing how amaz'd
 My eyes betray'd me as they wildly gaz'd,
 Thus gently spoke: " Those banners † rais'd on high,
 " Betoken noble vows of chivalry;
 " Which here their heroes with religion make, 215
 " When they the ensigns of this order take."
 Then in due method made me understand
 What honour fam'd St. George had done our land:
 What toils he vanquish'd, with what monsters strove;
 Whose champions since for virtue, truth, and love, 220

* St. George's Church.

† St. George's Chapel.

‡ Of the Knights of the Garter.

Hang here their trophies, while their generous arms
Keep wrong supprest, and innocence from harms.

At this m' amazement yet did greater grow,
For I had been told all virtue was but show;

That oft bold villany had best success,
As if its use were more, nor merit less. 225

But here I saw how it rewarded shin'd,
Tell on, my muse, what wonders thou didst find
Worthy thy song and Charles's mighty mind.

I turn'd around my eyes, and, lo, * a cell, 230
Where melancholy ruin seem'd to dwell,

The door unhing'd, without or bolt or ward,
Seem'd as what lodg'd within found small regard.

Like some old den, scarce visited by day,
Where dark oblivion lurk'd and watch'd for prey. 235

Here, in a heap of confus'd waste, I found
Neglected hatchments tumbled on the ground;

The spoils of Time, and triumph of that fate
Which equally on all mankind does wait:

The hero, levell'd in his humble grave, 240

With other men, was now nor great nor brave;

While here his trophies, like their master, lay,

To darkness, worms, and rottenness, a prey.

Urg'd by such thoughts as guide the truly great,
Perhaps his fate he did in battle meet; 245

Fell in his prince's and his country's cause;

But what is recompence? A short applause,

Which he ne'er hears, his memory may grace,

Till, soon forgot, another takes his place.

And happy that man's chance who falls in time, 250

Ere yet his virtue be become his pride;

Ere his abus'd desert be call'd his crime,

Or fools and villains on his ruin ride.

But truly blest is he, whose soul can bear

The wrongs of fate, nor think them worth his care;

Whose mind no disappointment here can shake, 256

Who a true estimate of life does make,

* An old isle in the church, where the banner of a dead knight is carried, when another succeeds him.

Knows 'tis uncertain, frail, and will have end,
 So to that prospect still his thoughts do bend;
 Who, though his right a stronger power invade, 260
 Though fate opprefs, and no man give him aid,
 Cheer'd with th' assurance that he there shall find
 Rest from all toils, and no remorse of mind;
 Can Fortune's smiles despise, her frowns out-brave,
 For who's a prince or beggar in the grave? 265

But if immortal any thing remain,
 Rejoice, my Muse, and strive that end to gain.
 Thou kind dissolver of encroaching care,
 And ease of every bitter weight I bear,
 Keep from my soul repining, while I sing 270
 The praise and honour of this glorious king;
 And farther tell what wonders thou didst find
 Worthy thy song and his celestial mind.

Beyond the Dome a * lofty tower appears,
 Beauteous in strength, the work of long-past years, 275
 Old as his noble stem, who there bears sway,
 And, like his loyalty, without decay.
 This goodly ancient frame looks as it stood
 The mother pile, and all the rest her brood.
 So careful watch seems piously to keep, 280
 While underneath her wings the mighty sleep;
 And they may rest, since † Norfolk there commands,
 Safe in his faithful heart and valiant hands.

But now appears the ‡ beauteous seat of Peace,
 Large of extent, and fit for goodly ease; 285
 Where noble order strikes the greedy sight
 With wonder, as it fills it with delight;
 The massy walls seem, as the womb of earth,
 Shrunk when such mighty quarries thence had birth;
 Or by the Theban founder they'd been rais'd, 290
 And in his powerful numbers should be prais'd:
 Such strength without does every where abound,
 Within such glory and such splendor's found,
 As man's united skill had there combin'd
 T' express what one great genius had design'd. 295

* The Castle.

† The Duke of Norfolk, Constable of Windsor Castle.

‡ The House.

Thus, when the happy world Augustus sway'd,
 Knowledge was cherish'd, and improvement made;
 Learning and arts his empire did adorn,
 Nor did there one neglected virtue mourn;
 But, at his call, from farthest nations came, 300
 While the immortal Muses gave him fame.
 Though when her far-stretch'd empire flourish'd most,
 Rome never yet a work like this could boast:
 No Cæsar e'er like Charles his pomp express'd,
 Nor ever were his nations half so blest: 305
 Though now (alas!) in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

Here, as all nature's wealth to court him prest,
 Seem'd to attend him Plenty, Peace, and Rest.
 Through all the lofty roofs * describ'd we find 310
 The toils and triumphs of his god-like mind:
 A theme that might the noblest fancy warm,
 And only fit for † his who did perform.
 The walls adorn'd with richest woven gold,
 Equal to what in temples shin'd of old, 315
 Grac'd well the lustre of his royal ease,
 Whose empire reach'd throughout the wealthy seas;
 Ease which he wisely chose, when raging arms
 Kept neighbouring nations waking with alarms:
 For when wars troubled her soft fountains there, 320
 She swell'd her streams, and flow'd-in faster here;
 With her came Plenty, till our isle seem'd blest'd
 As Canaan's shore, where Israel's sons found rest.
 Therefore, when cruel spoilers, who have hurl'd
 Waste and confusion through the wretched world, 325
 To after-times leave a great hated name,
 The praise of Peace shall wait on Charles's fame;
 His country's father, through whose tender care,
 Like a lull'd babe she slept, and knew no fear;
 Who, when sh' offended, oft would hide his eyes, 330
 Nor see, because it griev'd him to chastize,
 But if submission brought her to his feet,
 With what true joy the penitent he'd meet!

* The Paintings done by † The Sieur Verrio, his Majesty's chief Painter.

How would his love still with his justice strive!
 How parent-like, how fondly he'd forgive! 335
 But now, alas! in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.
 Since after all those toils through which he strove
 By every art of most endearing love,
 For his reward he had his Britain found, 340
 The awe and envy of the nations round.
 Muse, then speak more what wonders thou didst find
 Worthy thy song and his celestial mind.
 Tell now what emulation may inspire,
 And warm each British heart with warlike fire; 345
 Call all thy sisters of the sacred hill,
 And by the painter's pencil guide my quill;
 Describe that lofty monumental * hall,
 Where England's triumph's grace the shining wall,
 When she led captive kings from conquer'd Gaul.
 Here when the sons of Fame their leader meet, 350
 And at their feasts in pompous order sit,
 When the glad sparkling bowl inspires the board,
 And high-rai'd thoughts great tales of war afford,
 Here as a lesson may their eyes behold 355
 What their victorious fathers did of old;
 When their proud neighbours of the Gallic shore
 Trembled to hear the English lion roar.
 Here may they see how good old † Edward sat,
 And did his ‡ glorious son's arrival wait, 360
 When from the fields of vanquish'd France he came,
 Follow'd by spoils, and usher'd in by Fame.
 In golden chains he their quell'd monarch led.
 Oh, for such laurels on another head!
 Unfoil'd with sloth, nor yet o'ercloy'd with peace, 365
 We had not then learn'd the loose arts of ease.
 In our own climes our vigorous youth were nurs'd,
 And with no foreign education curst.
 Their northern metal was preserv'd with care,
 Nor sent for softening into hotter air. 370

* Where St. George's Feast is kept.

† Edward III.

‡ The Black Prince.

Nor did they as now from fruitless travels come
 With follies, vices, and diseases home ;
 But in full purity of health and mind
 Kept up the noble virtues of their kind.
 Had not false senates to those ills dispos'd 375
 Which long had England's happiness oppos'd
 With stubborn faction and rebellious pride,
 All means to such a noble end deny'd,
 To Britain, Charles this glory had restor'd,
 And those revolted nations own'd their lord. 380
 But now, alas ! in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet shall his praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

And now survey what's open to our view,
 Bow down all heads, and pay devotion due,
 The * temple by this hero built behold, 385
 Adorn'd with carvings, and o'erlaid with gold ;
 Whose radiant roof such glory does display,
 We think we see the heaven to which we pray ;
 So well the artist's hand has there declin'd
 The merciful redemption of mankind ; 390
 The bright ascension of the Son of God,
 When back through yielding skies to heaven he rode,
 With lightning round his head, and thunder where he
 Thus when to Charles, as Solomon, was given [trod.
 Wisdom, the greatest gift of bounteous heaven ; 395
 A house like his he built, and temple rais'd,
 Where his Creator might be fitly prais'd ;
 With riches too and honours was he crown'd,
 Nor, whilst he liv'd, was there one like him found.
 Therefore what once to Israel's lord was said, 400
 When Sheba's queen his glorious court survey'd,
 To Charles's fame for ever shall remain,
 Who did as wond'rous things, who did as greatly reign.
 " Happy were they who could before him stand,
 " And saw the wisdom of his dread command ; " 405
 For heaven resolv'd, that much above the rest
 Of other nations Britain should be blest.
 Found him when banish'd from his sacred right,
 Try'd his great soul, and in it took delight.

* The Chapel at the end of the hall.

Then to his throne in triumph him did bring, 410
 Where never rul'd a wiser, juster king.
 But now (alas !) in the sad grave he lies,
 Yet shall has praise for ever live, and laurels from it rise.

Thus far the painter's hand did guide the Muse,
 Now let her lead, nor will he sure refuse. 415
 Two kindred arts they are, so near ally'd,
 They oft have by each other been supply'd.
 Therefore, great man ! when next thy thoughts incline
 The works of Fame, let this be the design :
 As thou couldst best great Charles's glory show, 420
 Shew how he fell, and whence the fatal blow.

In a large scene, may give beholders awe,
 The meeting of a numerous senate draw !
 Over their heads a black distemper'd sky,
 And through the air let grinning Furies fly. 425
 Charg'd with commissions of infernal date,
 To raise fell discord and intestine hate ;
 From their foul heads let them by handfuls tear
 The ugliest snakes, and best-lov'd favourites there,
 Then whirl them (spouting venom as they fall) 430
 'Mongst the assembled numbers of the hall ;
 There into murmuring bosoms let them go,
 Till their infection to confusion grow ;
 Till such bold tumults and disorders rise, [skies.
 As when the impious sons of earth assail'd the threaten'd

But then let mighty Charles at distance stand, 436
 His crown upon his head, and sceptre in his hand ;
 To send abroad his word, or with a frown
 Repel, and dash th' aspiring rebels down :
 Unable to behold his dreaded ray, 440
 Let them grow blind, disperse, and reel away ;
 Let the dark fiends the troubled air forsake,
 And all new peaceful order seem to take.
 But, oh, imagine Fate t' have waited long
 An hour like this, and mingled in the throng, 445
 Rous'd with those furies from her seat below,
 T' have watch'd her only time to give the blow :
 When cruel cares, by faithless subjects bred,
 Too closely press'd his sacred peaceful head ;

WINDSOR CASTLE.

23

With them t' have pointed her destroying dart, 450
And through the brain found passage to the heart.
Deep-wounding plagues avenging heaven bestow
On those curs'd heads to whom this loss we owe!
On all who Charles's heart affliction gave,
And sent him to the sorrows of the grave! 455

Now, painter, (if thy griefs can let thee) draw
The saddest scenes that weeping eyes e'er saw;
How on his royal bed that woeful day
The much-lamented mighty monarch lay;
Great in his fate, and ev'n o'er that a king, 460
No terror could the Lord of Terrors bring.
Through many steady and well-manag'd years
He'd arm'd his mind 'gainst all those little fears
Which common mortals want the power to hide,
When their mean souls and valued clay divide. 465
He'd study'd well the worth of life, and knew
Its troubles many, and its blessings few:
Therefore unmov'd did Death's approaches see,
And grew so familiar with his destiny;
Like an acquaintance entertain'd his fate, 470
Who, as it knew him, seem'd content to wait,
Not as his gaoler, but his friendly guide,
While he for his great journey did provide.

Oh couldst thou express the yearnings of his mind
To his poor mourning people left behind! 575
But that I fear will ev'n thy skill deceive,
None but a soul like his such goodness could conceive.
For though a stubborn race, deserving ill,
Yet would he shew himself a father still.
Therefore he chose for that peculiar care, 480
His crown's, his virtue's, and his mercy's heir.
Great James, who to his throne does now succeed,
And charg'd him tenderly his flocks to feed;
To guide them too, too apt to run astray,
And keep the foxes and the wolves away. 485

Here, painter, if thou canst, thy art improve,
And shew the wonders of fraternal love;
How mourning James by fading Charles did stand,
The dying grasping the surviving hand;

How round each other's necks their arms they cast, 490
 Moan'd with endearing murmurings, and embrac'd ;
 And of their parting pangs such marks did give,
 'Twas hard to guess which yet could longest live.
 Both their sad tongues quite lost the power to speak,
 And their kind hearts seem'd both prepar'd to break.

Here let thy curious pencil next display, 496
 How round his bed a beauteous offspring lay,
 With their great father's blessing to be crown'd,
 Like young fierce lions stretch'd upon the ground,
 And in majestic silent sorrow drown'd. 500

This done, suppose the ghastly minute nigh,
 And paint the griefs of the sad standers-by ;
 Th' unweary'd reverend father's pious care,
 Offering (as oft as tears could stop) a prayer.
 Of kindred nobles draw a sorrowing train, 505
 Whose looks may speak how much they shar'd his pain ;
 How from each groan of his, deriving smart,
 Each fetch'd another from a tortur'd heart.
 Mingled with these, his faithful servants place,
 With different lines of woe in every face ; 510
 With downcast heads, swollen breasts, and streaming eyes,
 And sighs that mount in vain the unrelenting skies.

But yet there still remains a task behind,
 In which thy readiest art may labour find.
 At distance let the mourning queen appear, 515
 (But where sad news too soon may reach her ear ;)
 Describe her prostrate to the throne above,
 Pleading with prayer the tender cause of love :
 Shew troops of angels hovering from the sky,
 (For they, whene'er she call'd, were always nigh) ? 520
 Let them attend her cries, and hear her moan,
 With looks of beauteous sadness, like her own,
 Because they know her lord's great doom is seal'd,
 And cannot (though she asks it) be repeal'd.

By this time think the work of Fate is done, 525
 So any farther sad description shun.
 Shew him not pale and breathless on his bed,
 'Twould make all gazers on thy art fall dead ;

And thou thyself to such a scene of woe
Add a new piece, and thy own statue grow,
Wipe therefore all thy pencils, and prepare
To draw a prospect now of clearer air.
Paint in an eastern sky new dawning day,
And there the embryos of time display;
The forms of many smiling years to come, 535
Just ripe for birth, and labouring from their womb;
Each struggling which shall eldership obtain,
To be first grac'd with mighty James's reign.
Let the dread monarch on his throne appear,
Place too the charming partner of it there. 540
O'er his their wings let Fame and Triumph spread,
And soft-ey'd Cupids hover o'er her head;
In his, paint smiling, yet majestic grace,
But all the wealth of beauty in her face.
Then from the different corners of the earth 545
Describe applauding nations coming forth,
Homage to pay, or humble peace to gain,
And own auspicious omens from his reign.
Set at long distance his contracted foes
Shrinking from what they dare not now oppose; 550
Draw shame or mean despair in all their eyes,
And terror lest th' avenging hand should rise.
But where his smiles extend, draw beauteous peace,
The poor man's chearful toils, the rich man's ease;
Here, shepherds piping to their feeding sheep, 555
Or stretch'd at length in their warm huts asleep;
There jolly hinds spread through the sultry fields,
Reaping such harvests as their tillage yields;
Or shelter'd from the scorplings of the sun,
Their labours ended, and repast begun; 560
Rang'd on green banks, which they themselves did raise,
Singing their own content, and ruler's praise.
Draw beauteous meadows, gardens, groves, and bowers,
Where contemplation best may pass her hours:
Fill'd with chaste lovers plighting constant hearts, 565
Rejoicing Muses, and encourag'd Arts.
Draw every thing like this that thought can frame,
Best suiting with thy theme, great James's fame.

Known for the man who from his youthful years,
 By mighty deeds has earn'd the crown he wears ; 570
 Whose conquering arm far-envy'd wonders wrought,
 When an ungrateful people's cause he fought ;
 When for their rights he his brave sword employ'd,
 Who in return would have his rights destroy'd :
 But heaven such injur'd merit did regard .575
 (As heaven in time true virtue will reward) ;
 So to a throne by Providence he rose,
 And all who e'er were his, were Providence's foes.

THE ENCHANTMENT.

I.

I DID but look and love a-while,
 'Twas but for one half-hour ;
 Then to resist I had no will,
 And now I have no power.

II.

To sigh, and wish, is all my ease ;
 Sighs, which do heat impart,
 nough to melt the coldest ice,
 Yet cannot warm your heart.

III.

O ! would your pity give my heart
 One corner of your breast,
 'Twould learn of yours the winning art,
 And quickly steal the rest.



THE
POET'S COMPLAINT OF HIS MUSE :

OR,
A SATIRE AGAINST LIBELS.

"*Si quid habent veri vatum præfagia, vivam.*"

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THOMAS EARL OF OSSORY,

BARON OF MOOR PARK, KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE
ORDER OF THE GARTER, &c.

MY LORD,

THOUGH never any man had more need of excuse for a presumption of this nature than I have now, yet, when I have laid out every way to find one, your lordship's goodness must be my best refuge; and therefore I humbly cast this at your feet for protection, and myself for pardon.

My Lord, I have great need of protection; for to the best of my heart I have here published in some measure the truth, and I would have it thought honestly too (a practice never more out of countenance than now); yet truth and honour are things which your lordship needs must be kind to, because they are relations to your nature, and never left you.

'Twould be a second presumption in me to pretend in this a panegyric on your lordship; for it would require more art to do your virtue justice, than to flatter any other man.

If I have ventured at a hint of the present sufferings of that great prince mentioned in the latter end of this paper, with favour from your lordship I hope to add a

second part, and do all those great and good men justice, that have, in his calamities, stuck fast to so gallant a friend and so good a master. To write and finish which great subject faithfully, and to be honoured with your lordship's patronage in what I may do, and your approbation, or at least pardon, in what I have done, will be the greatest pride of,

My Lord,

Your most humble admirer and servant,

THOMAS OTWAY.



O D E

TO a high hill, where never yet stood tree,
 Where only heath, coarse fern, and furzes grow,
 Where (nipt by piercing air)
 The flocks in tatter'd fleeces hardly gaze,
 Led by uncouth thoughts and care, 5
 Which did too much his pensive mind amaze,
 A wandering bard, whose Muse has crazy grown,
 Cloy'd with the nauseous follies of the buzzing town,
 Came, look'd about him, sigh'd, and laid him down.
 'Twas far from any path, but where the earth 10
 Was bare, and naked all as at her birth,
 When by the word it first was made,
 Ere God had said,
 Let grass, and herbs, and every green thing grow,
 With fruitful trees after their kind, and it was so. 15
 The whistling winds blew fiercely round his head,
 Cold was his lodging, hard his bed;
 Aloft his eyes on the wide heavens he cast;
 Where we are told Peace only's found at last:
 And as he did its hopeless distance see, 20
 Sigh'd deep, and cry'd, How far is Peace from me!

II.

Nor ended there his moan:
 The distance of his future joy
 Had been enough to give him pain alone;
 But who can undergo, 25
 Despair of ease to come, with weight of present woe!
 Down his afflicted face
 The trickling tears had stream'd so fast apace,
 As left a path worn by their briny race
 Swoln was his breast with sighs, his well- 30
 Proportion'd limbs as useless fell,
 Whilst the poor trunk (unable to sustain
 Itself) lay rack'd, and shaking with his pain.
 I heard his groans as I was walking by,
 And (urg'd by pity) went aside to see, 35
 What the sad cause could be [high,
 Had press'd his state so low, and rais'd his plaints so

On me he fix'd his eyes. I crav'd,
 Why so forlorn? he vainly rav'd.
 Peace to his mind I did commend : 40
 But, oh! my words were hardly at an end,
 When I perceiv'd it was my friend,
 My much lov'd friend, so down I sat,
 And begg'd that I might share his fate :
 I laid my cheek to his, when with a gale 45
 Of sighs he eas'd his breast, and thus began his tale :

III.

I am a wretch of honest race ;
 My parents not obscure, nor high in titles were :
 They left me heir to no disgrace.
 My father was (a thing now rare) 50
 Loyal and brave, my mother chaste and fair :
 The pledge of marriage-vows was only I ;
 Alone I liv'd their much lov'd fondled boy :
 They gave me generous education ; high
 They strove to raise my mind ; and with it grew their
 joy. 55
 The sages that instructed me in arts
 And knowledge, oft' would praise my parts,
 And cheer my parents' longing hearts.
 When I was call'd to a dispute,
 My fellow-pupils oft stood mute : 60
 Yet never envy did disjoin
 Their hearts from me, nor pride distemper mine.
 Thus my first years in happiness I past,
 Nor any bitter cup did taste :
 But, oh! a deadly portion came at last. 65
 As I lay loosely on my bed,
 A thousand pleasant thoughts triumphing in my head,
 And as my sense on the rich banquet fed,
 A voice (it seem'd no more, so busy I
 Was with myself, I saw not who was nigh) 70
 Pierc'd through my ears : Arise, thy good Senander's
 dead,
 It shook my brain, and from their feast my frightened
 senses fled.

THE POET'S COMPLAINT.

31

IV.

From thence sad discontent, uneasy fears,
And anxious doubts of what I had to do,
Grew with succeeding years. 75
The world was wide, but whither should I go?
I, whose blooming hopes all wither'd were,
Who'd little fortune, and a deal of care?
To Britain's great metropolis I stray'd,
Where Fortune's general game is play'd; 80
Where honesty and wit are often prais'd,
But fools and knaves are fortunate and rais'd;
My forward spirit prompted me to find
A converse equal to my mind:
But by raw judgment easily misled, 85
(As giddy callow boys
Are very fond of toys)
I mis'd the brave and wise, and in their stead,
On every sort of vanity I fed. 89
Gay coxcombs, cowards, knaves, and prating fools,
Bullies of o'ergrown bulk and little souls,
Gamesters, half-wits, and spendthrifts (such as think
Mischievous midnight frolics, bred by drink
Are gallantry and wit,
Because to their lewd understandings fit) 95
Where those wherewith two years at least I spent,
To all their fulsome follies most incorrigibly bent;
Till at the last, myself more to abuse,
I grew in love with a deceitful Muse.

V.

No fair deceiver ever us'd such charms, 100
T' ensnare a tender youth, and win his heart;
Or, when she had him in her arms,
Secur'd his love with greater art.
I fancy'd, or I dream'd (as poets always do)
No beauty, with my Muse's might compare. 105
Lofty she seem'd, and on her front sat a majestic air,
Awful, yet kind; severe yet fair.
Upon her head a crown she bore,
Of laurel, which she told me should be mine;

And round her ivory neck she wore 110
 A rope of largest pearl. Each part of her did shine
 With jewels and with gold,
 Numberless to be told;
 Which in imagination as I did behold,
 And lov'd and wonder'd more and more, 115
 Said she, these riches all, my darling, shall be thine,
 Riches which never poet had before.
 She promis'd me to raise my fortune and my name,
 By royal favour, and by endless fame;
 But never told 120
 How hard they were to get, how difficult to hold.
 Thus, by the arts of this most sly
 Deluder, was I caught;
 To her bewitching bondage brought.
 Eternal constancy we swore 125
 A thousand times our vows were doubled o'er:
 And as we did in our entrancements lie,
 I thought no pleasure e'er was wrought so high,
 No pair so happy as my Muse and I.

VI.

Ne'er was young lover half so fond 130
 When first his puillage he lost,
 Or could of half my pleasure boast;
 We never met but we enjoy'd,
 Still transported, never cloy'd.
 Chambers, closets, fields, and groves, 135
 Bore witness of our daily loves;
 And on the bark of ev'ry tree
 You might the marks of our endearments see.
 Distiches, posies, and the pointed bits
 Of satire (written when a poet meets 140
 His Muse's caterwauling fits)
 You might on ev'ry rhind behold, and swear
 I and my Clio had been at it there.
 Nay, by my Muse too, I was blest
 With offsprings of the choicest kinds, 145
 Such as have pleas'd the noblest minds,
 And been approv'd by judgments of the best.

THE POET'S COMPLAINT.

33

But in this most transporting height,
Whence I look'd down, and laugh'd at fate,
All of a sudden I was alter'd grown ; 150
I round me look'd, and found myself alone ;
My faithless Muse, my faithless Muse was gone ;
I try'd if I a verse could frame :
Oft I, in vain, invok'd my Clio's name.
'The more I strove, the more I fail'd, 155
I chaf'd, I bit my pen, curs'd my dull skull, and
rail'd,
Resolv'd to force m' untoward thought, and at the
last prevail'd.

A line came forth, but such a one,
No trav'ling matron in her child-birth pains,
Full of the joyful hopes to bear a son, 160
Was more astonish'd at th' unlook'd-for shape
Of some deform'd baboon, or ape,
Than I was at the hideous issue of my brains.
I tore my paper, stabb'd my pen,
And swore I'd never write again, 165
Resolv'd to be a doating fool no more.
But when my reck'ning I began to make,
I found too long I'd slept, and was too late awake ;
I found m'ungrateful Muse, for whose false sake
I did myself undo, 170
Had robb'd me of my dearest store,
My precious time, my friends, and reputation too ;
And left me helpless, friendless, very proud and poor.

VII.

Reason, which in base bonds my folly had enthrall'd,
I straight to council call'd ; 175
Like some old faithful friend, whom long ago
I had cashier'd, to please my flatt'ring fair.
To me with readiness he did repair.
Express'd much tender cheerfulness, to find
Experience had restor'd him to my mind ; 180
And loyally did to me shew
How much himself he did abuse,
Who credited a flattering, false, destructive, treache-
rous Muse.

I ask'd the causes why. He said,
 'Twas never known a Muse e'er staid
 When Fortune fled; for Fortune is a bawd
 To all the Nine that on Parnassus dwell,
 Where those so fam'd delightful fountains swell,
 Of poetry, which there does ever flow;
 And where wit's lusty, shining god
 Keeps his choice seraglio.
 So whilst our fortune smiles our thoughts aspire,
 Pleasure and fame's our business and desire,
 Then, too, if we find
 A promptness in the mind,
 The Muse is always ready, always kind.
 But if th' old harlot Fortune once denies
 Her favour, all our pleasures and rich fancy dies.
 And then th' young, slippery jilt, the Muse, too from
 us flies.

VIII.

To the whole tale I gave attention due!
 And as right search into myself I made,
 I found all he had said
 Was very honest, very true.
 O how I hugg'd my welcome friend;
 And much my muse I could not discommend!
 For I ne'er liv'd in Fortune's grace,
 She always turn'd her back, and fled from me apace,
 And never once vouchsaf'd to let me see her face.
 Then, to confirm me more,
 He drew the veil of dotage from my eyes;
 See here, my son, said he, the valued prize,
 Thy fulsome Muse behold, be happy, and be wise.
 I look'd, and saw the rampart tawdry queen,
 With a more horrid train
 Than ever yet to satire lent a tale,
 Or haunted Chloris in the mall.
 The first was he who stunk of that rank verse
 In which he wrote his Sodom farce;
 A wretch whom old diseases did so bite,
 That he writ bawdry sure in spite,
 To ruin and disgrace it quite.

THE POET'S COMPLAINT.

35

Philosophers of old did so exprefs
 Their art, and shew'd it in their nastiness.
 Next him appear'd that blundering sot,
 Who a late Session of the Poets wrote. 225
 Nature has mark'd him for a heavy fool;
 By's flat broad face you'll know the owl.
 The other birds have hooted him from light;
 Much buffeting has made him love the night,
 And only in the dark he strays; 230
 Still wretch enough to live: with worse fools spends
 his days,

And for old shoes and scraps repeats dull plays.
 The next there follow'd, to make up the throng,
 Lord Lampoon, and Monsieur Song,
 Who sought her love, and promis'd for't, 235
 To make her famous at the court.

The city poet too was there,
 In a black satin cap and his own hair,
 And begg'd that he might have the honour
 To beget a pageant on her 240
 For the city's next lord mayor.

Her favours she to none deny'd:
 They took her all by turns aside.
 Till at the last up in the rear there came
 The Poet's scandal, and the Muse's shame. 245
 A beast of monstrous guise, and Libel was his name:
 But let me pause, for 'twill ask time to tell
 How he was born, how bred, and where, and where he
 now does dwell.

IX.

He paus'd, and thus renew'd his tale.
 Down in an obscure vale, 250
 'Midst fogs, and fens, where mists and vapours rise,
 Where never sun was seen by eyes,
 Under a desert wood,
 Which no man own, but all wild beasts were bred,
 And kept their horid dens, by prey far forag'd fed,
 An ill-pil'd cottage stood, 256
 Built of men's bones, slaughter'd in civil war,
 By magic art brought thither from afar,

There liv'd a widow'd witch,
 That us'd to mumble curses eve and morn,
 Like one whom wants and care had worn;
 Meagre her looks, and sunk her eyes,
 Yet mischiefs study'd, discords did devise.
 Sh' appeared humble, but it was her pride :
 Slow in her speech, in semblance sanctified.
 Still when she spoke she meant another way ;
 And when she curs'd she seem'd to pray.
 Her hellish charms had all a holy dress,
 And bore the name of godliness ;
 All her familiars seem'd the sons of Peace,
 Honest habits they all wore,
 In outward shew most lamb-like and divine :
 But inward of all vices they had store,
 Greedy as wolves, and sensual too as swine.
 Like her, the sacred scriptures they all had by heart ;
 Most easily could quote, and turn to any part,
 Backward repeat it all, as witches their prayers do,
 And, for their turn, interpret backward too.
 Idolatry with her was held impure,
 Because, besides herself, no idol she'd endure.
 Though not to paint, she'd arts to change the face,
 And alter it in heavenly fashion,
 Lewd whining she defin'd a mark of grace,
 And making ugly faces was mortification.
 Her late dead pander was of well known fame,
 Old Presbyter Rebellion was his name :
 She a sworn foe to king, his peace, and laws,
 So will be ever, and was call'd (bless us !) the good
 old cause.

X.

A time there was (a sad one too)
 When all things wore the face of woe,
 When many horrors rag'd in this our land,
 And a destroying angel was sent down,
 To scourge the pride of this rebellious town.
 He came, and o'er all Britain stretch'd his conquer-
 ing hand :

THE POET'S COMPLAINT.

37

Till in th' untrodden streets unwholesome grass 295
 Grew of great stalk, its colour gross,
 And melancholic poisonous green ;
 Like those coarse sickly weeds on an old dunghill seen,
 Where some murrain-murder'd hog,
 Poison'd cat, or strangled dog, 300
 In rottenness had long unbury'd laid,
 And the cold soil productive made.
 Birds of ill omen hover'd in the air,
 And by their cries bade us for graves prepare ;
 And as our destiny they seem'd t' unfold, 305
 Dropt dead of the same fate they had foretold.
 That dire commission ended, down there came
 Another angel, with a sword of flame :
 Desolation soon he made,
 And our new Sodom low in ashes laid. 310
 Distractions and distrusts then did amongst us rise,
 When, in her pious old disguise,
 This witch, with all her mischief-making train,
 Began to shew herself again.
 The sons of Old Rebellion straight she summon'd all ;
 Straight they were ready at her call : 316
 Once more th' old bait before their eyes she cast,
 That and her love they long'd to taste ;
 And to her lust she drew them all at last.
 So Reuben (we may read of heretofore) 320
 Was led astray, and had pollutions with his father's
 whore.

XI.

The better to conceal her lewd intent
 In safety from observing eyes,
 Th' old strumpet did herself disguise
 In comely weeds, and to the city went, 325
 Affecting truth, much modesty, and grace,
 And, like a worn out suburb trull, pass'd there for a
 new face.
 Thither all her lovers flock'd,
 And there for her support she found 329
 A wight, of whom Fame's trumpet much doth sound,
 With all ingredients for his business stock'd,

Not unlike him whose story has a place
 In the annals of Sir Hudibras.
 Of all her business he took care,
 And every knave or soul that to her did repair 335
 Had by him admittance there.
 By his contrivance to her did resort
 All who had been disgusted at the court.
 Those whose ambition had been crost,
 Or by ill manners had preferments lost, 340
 Were those on whom she practis'd most her charms,
 Lay nearest to her heart, and ofteneft in her arms.
 Interest in every faction, every sect, she sought;
 And to her lure, flattering their hopes, she brought
 All those who use religion for a fashion, 345
 All such as practise forms, and take great pains
 To make their godliness their gains,
 And thrive by the distractions of a nation,
 She by her art ensnar'd and fetter'd in her chains.
 Through her the Atheist hop'd to purchase toleration,
 The rebel power, the beggar'd spendthrift lands, 351
 Out of the king's or bishop's hands.
 Nay, to her side at last she drew in all the rude,
 Ungovernable, headlong multitude:
 Promis'd strange liberties, and sure redress 355
 Of never-felt, unheard-of grievances:
 Pamper'd their follies, and indulg'd their hopes,
 With May-day routs, November squibs, and burning
 pasteboard popes.

XII.

With her in common lust did mingle all the crew,
 Till at the last she pregnant grew, 360
 And from her womb, in little time brought forth,
 This monstrous and detested birth.
 Of children born with teeth we've heard,
 And some like comets with a beard;
 Which seem'd to be forerunners of dire change; 365
 But never hitherto was seen,
 Born from a Wapping drab, or Shoreditch queen,
 A form like this, so hideous and so strange.

THE POET'S COMPLAINT.

39

To help whose mother in her pains there came
Many a well-known dame.

370

The bawd Hypocrisy was there,
And Madam Impudence the fair:

Dame Scandal with her squinting eyes,
That loves to set good neighbours at debate,

And raise commotions in a jealous state, 375

Was there, and Malice, queen of far spread lies,
With all their train of frauds and forgeries.

But midwife Mutiny, that busy drab,
That's always talking, always loud,

Was she that first took up the babe, 380

And of the office most was proud.

Behold its head of horrid form appears:

To spite the pillory, it had no ears.

When straight the bawd cry'd out, 'twas surely kin
To the blest family of Pryn. 385

But Scandal offered to depose her word,

Or oath, her father was a lord.

The nose was ugly, long, and big,

Broad and snouty, like a pig;

Which shew'd he would in dunghills love to dig; 390

Lov'd to cast stinking satires up in ill pil'd rhymes,

And live by the corruptions of unhappy times.

XIII.

They promis'd all by turns to take him,

And a hopeful youth to make him,

To nurse he straight was sent

395

To a sister-witch, though of another sort,

One who profess'd no good, nor any meant;

All day she practis'd charms, by night she hardly slept,

Yet in the outcasts of a northern factious town,

A little smoky mansion of her own,

400

Where her familiars to her did resort,

A cell she kept.

Hell she ador'd, and Satan was her god;

And many an ugly loathsome toad

Crawl'd round her walls, and croak'd.

405

Under her roof all dismal, black, and smok'd,

Harbour'd beetles, and unwholesome bats,
 Sprawling nests of little cats ;
 All which were imps she cherish'd with her blood,
 To make her spells succeed, and good. 410
 Still at her shrivell'd breasts they hung, whene'er man-
 kind she curst,

And with these foster-brethren was our monster nurs'd.

In little time the hell-bred brat

Grew plump and fat,

Without his leading strings could walk, 415

And (as the forcerefs taught him) talk.

At seven years old he went to school,

Where first he grew a foe to rule.

Never would he learn as taught,

But still new ways affected, and new methods sought.

Not that he wanted parts

421

T' improve in letters, and proceed in arts ;

But, as negligent as fly,

Of all perverseness brutishly was full,

(By nature idle) lov'd to shift and lie, 425

And was obstinately dull.

Till, spite of Nature, through great pains, the sot

(And th' influence of the ill-genius of our land)

At last in part began to understand.

Some insight in the Latin tongue he got ; 430

Could smatter pretty well, and write too a plain hand.

For which his guardians all think fit,

In compliment to his most hopeful wit,

He should be sent to learn the laws, 434

And out of the good old to raise a damn'd new cause.

XIV.

In which the better to improve his mind,

As by Nature he was bent

To search in hidden paths, and things long bury'd find,

A wretch's converse much he did frequent :

One who this world, as that did him, disown, 440

And in an unfrequented corner, where

Nothing was pleasant, hardly healthful found,

He led his hated life.

THE POET'S COMPLAINT.

41

Needy, and e'en of necessaries bare,
No servant had he, children, friend, or wife : 445
But of a little remnant, got by fraud,
(For all ill turns he lov'd, all good detested, and be-
liev'd no God)

Thrice in a week he chang'd a hoarded groat,
With which of beggars scraps he bought.
Then from a neighbouring fountain water got, 450
Not to be clean, but slake his thirst.

He never blest himself, and all things else he curst.
The cell in which he (though but seldom) slept,
Lay like a den, uncleans'd, unswept :
And there those jewels which he lov'd he kept ; 455

Old worn out statutes, and records
Of common privileges, and the rights of lords.
But bound up by themselves with care were laid
All the acts, resolves, and orders, made
By the old long Rump-parliament, 460

Through all the changes of its government :
From which with readiness he could debate
Concerning matters of the state,
All down from goodly forty-one to horrid forty-eight.

XV.

His friendship much our monster sought 465
By instinct, and by inclination too :
So without much ado

They were together brought.
To him obedience Libel swore, and by him was he
taught.

He learn'd of him all goodness to detest ; 470
To be asham'd of no disgrace ;

In all things but obedience to be beast ;
To hide a coward's heart, and shew a hardy face.

He taught him to call government a clog,
But to bear beatings like a dog : 475

T' have no religion, honesty, or sense,

But to profess them all for a pretence,

Fraught with these morals, he began

To complete him more for man :

Distinguish'd to him in an hour 480
 'Twixt legislative and judicial power;
 How to frame a commonwealth,
 And democracy, by stealth :
 To palliate it at first, and cry,
 'Twas but a well mixt monarchy, 485
 And treason *salus populi* :
 Into rebellion to divide the nation,
 By fair committees of association;
 How by a lawful means to bring
 In arms against himself the king, 490
 With a distinguishing old trick,
 'Twixt persons natural and politic ;
 How to make faithful servants traitors,
 Thorough-pac'd rebels legislators,
 And at last troopers adjutators. 495
 Thus well inform'd, and furnish'd with enough
 Of such like wordy, canting stuff,
 Our blade set forth, and quickly grew
 A leader in a factious crew.
 Where'er he came, 'twas he first silence broke, 500
 And swell'd with every word he spoke,
 By which becoming saucy grace,
 He gain'd authority and place :
 By many for preferments was thought fit,
 For talking treason without fear or wit ; 505
 For opening failings in the state ;
 For loving noisy and unsound debate,
 And wearing of a mystical green ribband in his hat.

XVI.

Thus, like Alcides in his lion's skin,
 He very dreadful grew, 510
 But, like that Hercules when Love crept in,
 And th' hero to his distaff drew,
 His foes that found him saw he was but man.
 So when my faithless Clio by her snare
 Had brought him to her arms, and I surpris'd him
 there, 515
 At once to hate and scorn him I began ;

THE POET'S COMPLAINT.

43

To see how foolishly she'd dress,
 And for diversion trick'd the beast,
 He was poetry all o'er,
 On ev'ry side, behind, before : 520
 About him nothing could I see,
 But party-colour'd poetry.
 Painter's devices, litanies,
 Ballads, and all the spurious excess
 Of ills that malice could devise, 525
 Or ever swarm'd from a licentious press,
 Hung round about him like a spell :
 And in his own hand too was writ,
 That worthy piece of modern wit,
 The country's late appeal. 530
 But from such ills when will our wretched state
 Be freed ? and who shall crush this serpent's head ?
 'Tis said we may in ancient legends read
 Of a huge dragon sent by fate
 To lay a sinful kingdom waste : 435
 So through it all he rang'd, devouring as he past,
 And each day with a virgin broke his fast :
 Till wretched matrons curst their womb,
 So hardly was their loss endur'd ;
 The lovers all despair'd, and sought their tombs 540
 In the same monster's jaws, and of their pains were
 cur'd.
 Till, like our monster too, and with the same
 Curst ends, to the metropolis he came ;
 His cruelties renew'd again,
 And every day a maid was slain. 545
 The curse through every family had past,
 When to the sacrifice at last,
 Th' unhappy monarchs only child must bow :
 A royal daughter needs must suffer then, a royal bro-
 ther now.

XVII.

On him this dragon Libel needs will pray ; 550
 On him has cast
 His sordid venom, and profan'd
 With spurious verse his spotless fame,

Which shall for ever stand
 Unblemish'd, and to ages last, 555
 When all his foes lie buried in their shame.
 Else tell me why, some prophet that is wise,
 Heaven took such care
 To make him ev'ry thing that's rare,
 Dear to the heart, desirous to the eyes. 560
 Why do all good men bless him as he goes?
 Why at his presence shrink his foes?
 Why do the brave all strive his honour to defend?
 Why through the world is he to be distinguish'd most
 By titles, which but few can boast, 565
 A most just master, and a faithful friend?
 One who never yet did wrong
 To high or low, to old or young?
 Of him what orphan can complain?
 Of him what widow make her moan? 570
 But such as wish him here again,
 And miss his goodness now he's gone,
 If this be (as I'm sure 'tis) true;
 Then pr'ythee, prophet, tell me too,
 Why lives he in the world's esteem, 575
 Not one man's foe? and then why are not all men
 friends with him?

XVIII.

Whene'er his life was set at stake
 For his ungrateful country's sake,
 What dangers or what labours did they ever shun?
 Or what wonders has not done? 580
 Watchful all night, and busy all the day,
 (Spreading his fleet in sight of Holland's shore)
 Triumphantly ye saw his flags and streamers play.
 Then did the English lion roar,
 Whilst the Belgian couchant lay, 585
 Big with the thoughts of conquest and renown,
 Of Britain's honour, and his own,
 To them he like a threatening comet shin'd;
 Rough as the sea, and furious as the wind;
 But constant as the stars that never move, 590
 Or as women would have love.

THE POET'S COMPLAINT.

45

The trembling genius of their state
 Look'd out, and straight shrunk back his head,
 To see our daring banners spread :
 Whilst in their harbours they 595
 Like batten'd monsters weltering lay ;
 The winds, when ours th' had kiss'd, scorn'd with
 their flags to play ;
 But, drooping like their captain's hearts,
 Each pendant, every streamer hung ;
 The seamen seem'd t' have lost their arts ; 600
 Their ships at anchor now, of which we had heard
 them boast,
 With ill furl'd sails and rattling loose, by every bil-
 low toft,
 Lay like neglected harps, untun'd, unstrung ;
 Till at the last, provok'd with shame,
 Forth from their dens the baited foxes came , 605
 Foxes in council, and in fight too grave,
 Seldom true, and now not brave :
 They bluster'd out the day with shew of fight,
 And ran away in the goodnatur'd night.

XIX.

A bloody battle next was fought, 610
 And then in triumph home a welcome fleet he brought,
 With spoils of victory and glory fraught.
 To him then every heart was open, down
 From the great man to the clown :
 In him rejoic'd, to him inclin'd ; 615
 And as his health round the glad board did pass,
 Each honest fellow cry'd, fill full my glass ;
 And shew'd the fulness of his mind.
 No discontented vermin of ill times
 Durst then affront him but in show ; 620
 Nor Libel dash him with his dirty rhymes ;
 Nor may he live in peace that does it now.
 And whose heart would not wish so too,
 That had but seen
 When his tumultuous misl'd foes 625
 Against him rose.
 With what heroic grace

He chose the weight of wrong to undergo!
 No tempest on his brow, unalter'd in his face,
 True witness of the innocence within. 630
 But, when the messengers did mandates bring
 For his retreat to foreign land,
 Since sent from the relenting hand
 Of the most loving brother, kindest king;
 If in his heart regret did rise, 635
 It never escap'd his tongue or eyes;
 With steady virtue 'twas allay'd,
 And like a mighty conqueror he obey'd.

XX.

It was a dark and gloomy day,
 Sad as the business, sullen too 640
 As proud men, when in vain they woo,
 Or soldiers cheated of their pay.
 The court, whence pleasure us'd to flow,
 Became the scene of mourning and of woe:
 Desolate was every room, 645
 Where men for news and business us'd to come;
 With folded arms and downcast eyes men walk'd
 In corners, and with caution talk'd.
 All things prepar'd, the hour drew near
 When he must part: his last short time was spent 650
 In leaving blessings on his children dear:
 To them with eager haste and love he went;
 The eldest first embraced,
 As new-born day in beauty bright,
 But sad in mind as deepest night; 655
 What tenderest hearts could say, betwixt them past,
 Till grief too close upon them crept;
 So sighing he withdrew, she turn'd away and wept.
 Much of the father in his breast did rise,
 When on the next he fix'd his eyes, 660
 A tender infant in the nurse's arms,
 Full of kind play, and pretty charms;
 And as to give the farewell kiss he near it drew,
 About his manly neck two little arms it threw;
 Smil'd in his eyes, as if it begg'd his stay, 665
 And look'd kind things it could not say.

XXI.

But the great pomp of grief was yet to come.
 The appointed time was almost past,
 Th' impatient tides knock'd at the shore, and bid him
 haste
 To seek a foreign home ; 670
 The summons he resolv'd t' obey,
 Disdaining of his suffering to complain,
 Though every step seem'd trod with pain ;
 So forth he came, attended on his way
 By a sad lamenting throng, 675
 That blest him, and about him hung.
 A weight his gen'rous heart could hardly bear ;
 But for the comfort that was near,
 His beauteous mate, the fountain of his joys,
 That fed his soul with love ; 680
 The cordial that can mortal pains remove,
 To which all wordly blessings else are toys.
 I saw them ready for departure stand ;
 Just when approach'd the Monarch of our land,
 And took the charming mourner by the hand : 685
 T' express all noblest offices he strove,
 Of royal goodness, and a brother's love.
 Then down to the shore side,
 Where to convey them did two royal barges ride,
 With solemn pace they pass'd, 690
 And there so tenderly embrac'd,
 All griev'd by sympathy to see them part,
 And their kind pains touch'd each by-stander's heart.
 Then hand in hand the pity'd pair
 Turn'd round to face their fate ; 795
 She, ev'n amidst afflictions, fair,
 He, though oppress'd, still great.
 Into th' expecting boat with haste they went,
 Where, as the troubled fair-one to the shore some
 wishes sent 700
 For that dear pledge she'd left behind,
 And as her passion grew too mighty for her mind,
 She of some tears her eyes beguil'd,

Which, as upon her cheek they lay,
The happy hero kifs'd away, 705
And, as she wept, blush'd with disdain, and smil'd.
Straight forth they launch into the high swoln Thames;
The well struck oars lave up the yielding streams.
All fix'd their longing eyes, and wishing flood;
Till they were got into the wider flood; 710
Till lessen'd out of sight, and seen no more,
Then sigh'd, and turn'd into the hated shore. 712



PHÆDRA TO HIPPOLYTUS.

TRANSLATED OUT OF OVID.

The Argument.

Theseus, the son of Aegeus, having slain the Minotaur, promised to Ariadne, the daughter of Minos and Pasipha, for the assistance which she gave him, to carry her home with him, and make her his wife; so, together with her sister Phædra they went on board and sailed to Chios, where, being warned by Bacchus, he left Ariadne, and married her sister Phædra, who afterwards, in Theseus her husband's absence, fell in love with Hippolytus her son-in-law, who had vowed celibacy, and was a hunter; wherefore, since she could not conveniently otherwise, she chose by this epistle to give him an account of her passion.

IF thou'rt unkind I ne'er shall health enjoy,
Yet much I wish to thee, my lovely boy;
Read this, and reading how my soul is seiz'd,
Rather than not, be with my ruin pleas'd:
Thus secrets safe to farthest shores may move; 5
By letters foes converse, and learn to love.
Thrice my sad tale, as I to tell it try'd,
Upon my fault'ring tongue abortive dy'd;
Long shame prevail'd, nor could be conquer'd quite,
But what I blush'd to speak, Love made me write.
'Tis dangerous to resist the pow'r of Love, 11
The gods obey him, and he's king above;
He clear'd the doubts that did my mind confound,
And promis'd me to bring thee hither bound:
Oh may he come, and in that breast of thine 15
Fix a kind dart, and make it flame like mine!
Yet of my wedlock vows I'll lose no care,
Search back through all my fame, thou'lt find it fair.
But love long breeding to worst pain does turn:
Outward unharm'd, within, within I burn! 20
As the young bull, or courser, yet untam'd,
When yok'd or bridl'd first, are pinch'd and maim'd;
So my unpractis'd heart in love can find
No rest, th' unwonted weight so toils my mind:
When young, Love's pangs by arts we may remove,
But in our riper years with rage we love. 26
To thee I yield, then, all my dear renown,
And pr'ythee let's together be undone.
Who would not pluck the new-blown blushing rose,
On the ripe fruit that courts him as it grows? 30

But if my virtue hitherto has gain'd
 Esteem for spotless, shall it now be stain'd?
 Oh, in thy love I shall no hazard run;
 'Tis not a sin but when 'tis coarsely done.
 And now should Juno leave her Jove to me, 35
 I'd quit that Jove, Hippolytus, for thee:
 Believe me too, with strange desires I change,
 Amongst wild beasts I long with thee to range.
 To thy delights and Delia I incline,
 Make her my goddess too, because she's thine; 40
 I long to know the woods, to drive the deer,
 And o'er the mountain's tops my hounds to cheer,
 Shaking my dart; then, the chase ended, lye
 Stretch'd on the grass, and wouldest not thou be by?
 Oft in light chariots I with pleasure ride, 45
 And love myself the furious steeds to guide.
 Now like a Bacchanal more wild I stray,
 Or old Cybele's priests, as mad as they
 When under Ida's hills they offerings pay:
 E'en mad as those the deities of night 50
 And water, Fauns and Dryads do affright,
 But still each little interval I gain,
 Easily find 'tis love breeds all my pain.
 Sure on our race love like a fate does fall,
 And Venus will have tribute of us all. 55
 Jove lov'd Europa, whence my father came,
 And, to a bull transform'd, enjoy'd the dame?
 She, like my mother, languish'd to obtain,
 And fill'd her womb with shame as well as pain.
 The faithless Theseus, by my sister's aid, 60
 The monster slew, and a safe conquest made:
 Now, in that family, my right to save,
 I am at last on the same terms a slave:
 'Twas fatal to my sister and to me,
 She lov'd thy father, but my choice was thee. 65
 Let monuments of triumph then be shewn
 For two unhappy nymphs by you undone.
 When first our vows were to Eleusis paid,
 Would I had in a Cretan grave been laid;



OTWAY.

O love lov'd Europa, whence my father came
And to a bull transform'd enjoy'd the same.
Vide Theodora in Hippolytus. Page 40.
Engraved for C. Cooke March 4. 1791.

Painted by T. Kirk and Engraved by J. Neagle.



PHÆDRA TO HIPPOLYTUS.

'Twas there thou didst a perfect conquest gain, 51
 Whilst love's fierce fever rag'd in ev'ry vein : 70
 White was thy robe, a garland deck'd thy head,
 A modest blush thy comely face o'erspread :
 That face, which may be terrible in arms,
 But graceful seem'd to me, and full of charms : 75
 I love the man whose fashion's least his care,
 And hate my sex's coxcombs fine and fair ;
 For whilst thus plain thy careless locks let fly,
 Th' unpolish'd form is beauty in my eye.
 If thou but ride, or shake the trembling dart, 80
 I fix my eyes, and wonder at thy art :
 To see thee poise the javelin moves delight,
 And all thou do'st is lovely in my sight :
 But to the woods thy cruelty resign,
 Nor treat it with so poor a life as mine. 85
 Must cold Diana be ador'd alone,
 Must she have all thy vows, and Venus none ?
 That pleasure palls, if 'tis enjoy'd too long ;
 Love makes the weary firm, the feeble strong.
 For Cynthia's sake unbend and ease thy bow, 90
 Else to thy arm 'twill weak and useless grow.
 Famous was Cephalus in wood and plain,
 And by him many a boar and pard was slain,
 Yet to Aurora's love he did incline,
 Who wisely left old age, for youth like thine. 95
 Under the spreading shades her amorous boy,
 The fair Adonis, Venus could enjoy ;
 Atalanta's love too Meleager sought,
 And to her tribute paid of all he caught :
 Be thou and I the next blest sylvan pair ; 100
 Where love's a stranger, woods but deserts are.
 With thee, through dangerous ways unknown before,
 I'll rove, and fearless face the dreadful boar.
 Between two seas a little isthmus lies,
 Where on each side the beating billows rise, 105
 There in Trazena I thy love will meet,
 More blest'd and pleas'd than in my native Crete.
 As we could wish, old Theseus is away
 At Thessaly, where always let him stay

With his Perithous, whom well I see 110
 Preferr'd above Hippolytus or me.
 Nor has he only thus express'd his hate :
 We both have suffer'd wrongs of mighty weight :
 My brother first he cruelly did slay,
 Then from my sister falsly ran away, 115
 And left expos'd to ev'ry beast a prey :
 A warlike queen to thee thy being gave,
 A mother worthy of a son so brave,
 From cruel Theseus yet her death did find,
 Nor, though she gave him thee, could make him kind.
 Unwedded too he murder'd her in spight, 121
 To bastardize, and rob thee of thy right :
 And if, to wrong thee more, two sons I've brought,
 Believe it his, and none of Phædra's fault :
 Rather, thou fairest thing the earth contains, 125
 I wish at first I'd dy'd of mother's pains.

How canst thou reverence then thy father's bed,
 From which himself so abjectly is fled ?
 The thought affrights not me, but me inflames ;
 Mother and son are notions, very names 130
 Of worn-out piety, in fashion then
 When old dull Saturn rul'd the race of men ;
 But braver Jove taught pleasure was no sin,
 And with his sister did himself begin.
 Nearness of blood and kindred best we prove, 135
 When we express it in the closest love.
 Nor need we fear our fault should be reveal'd ;
 'Twill under near relation be conceal'd,
 And all who hear our loves, with praise shall crown
 A mother's kindness, to a grateful son. 140
 No need at midnight in the dark to stray,
 T' unlock the gates, and cry, My love this way !
 No busy spies our pleasures to betray
 But in one house, as heretofore we'll live ;
 In public, kisses take : in public, give ; 145
 Though in my bed thou'rt seen, 'twill gain applause
 From all, whilst none have sense to guess the cause :
 Only make haste, and let this league be sign'd ;
 So may my tyrant love to thee be kind,

PHÆDRA TO HIPPOLYTUS.

For this I am a humble suppliant grown ; 33
 Now where are all my boasts of greatness gone ? 150
 I swore I ne'er would yield, resolv'd to fight,
 Deceiv'd by Love, that's seldom in the right ;
 Now on my own I crawl to clasp thy knees ;
 What's decent no true lover cares or sees : 155
 Shame, like a beaten soldier, leaves the place,
 But beauty's blushes still are in my face.
 Forgive this fond confession which I make,
 And then some pity on my sufferings take. 159
 What though 'midst seas my father's empire lies ;
 Though my great grandfire thunder from the skies ;
 What though my father's fire in beams drest gay
 Drives round the burning chariot of the day ;
 Their honour all in me to Love's a slave, 164
 Then, though thou wilt not me, their honour save.
 Jove's famous island, Crete, in dower I'll bring,
 And there shall my Hippolytus be king :
 For Venus' sake then hear and grant my prayer,
 So may'st thou never love a scornful fair ;
 In fields so may Diana grace thee still, 170
 And every wood afford thee game to kill ;
 So may the mountain gods, and satyrs all
 Be kind ; so may the boar before thee fall ;
 So may the water-nymphs in heat of day,
 Though thou their sex despise, thy thirst allay, 175
 Millions of tears to these my prayers I join,
 Which as thou read'st with those dear eyes of thine,
 Think that thou see'st the streams that flow from mine.



EPISTLE TO MR. DUKE.

MY much lov'd friend, when thou art from my
 eyes,
 How do I loath the day, and light despise !
 Night, kinder night's the much more welcome guest,
 For though it bring small ease, it hides at least ;
 Or if e'er slumbers and my eyes agree, 5
 'Tis when they're crown'd with pleasing dreams of thee.
 Last night methought (heaven make the next as kind!)
 Free as first innocence, and unconfin'd
 As our first parent in their Eden were,
 Ere yet condemn'd to eat their bread with care ; 10
 We two together wander'd through a grove,
 'Twas green beneath us, and all shade above,
 Mild as our friendship, springing as our love ;
 Hundreds of cheerful birds fill'd every tree,
 And sung their joyful songs of liberty ; 15
 While through the glad some choir well pleas'd we
 walk'd,
 And of our present valu'd state thus talk'd :
 How happy are we in this sweet retreat ?
 Thus humbly blest, who'd labour to be great ?
 Who for preferments, at a court would wait, 20
 Where every gudgeons nibbling at the bait ?
 What fish of sense would on that shallow lie,
 Amongst the little starving wriggling fry,
 That throng and crowd each other for a taste
 Of the deceitful, painted, poison'd paste ; 25
 When the wide river he behind him sees,
 Where he may launch to liberty and ease ?
 No cares or business here disturb our hours,
 While, underneath these shady peaceful bowers,
 In cool delight and innocence we stray, 30
 And midst a thousand pleasures waste the day ;
 Sometimes upon a river's bank we lie,
 Where skimming swallows o'er the surface fly,
 Just as the sun, declining with his beams,
 Kisses and gently warms the gliding streams ; 35

Amidst whose current rising fishes play,
 And roll in wanton liberty away.
 Perhaps hard by there grows a little bush,
 On which the linnet, nightingale, and thrush,
 Nightly their solemn orgies meeting keep, 40
 And sing their vespers e'er they go to sleep:
 There we two lie, between us may be's ipread
 Some books, few understand, tho' many read.
 Sometimes we Virgil's sacred leaves turn o'er,
 Still wondering, and still finding cause for more. 45
 How Juno's rage did good Æneas vex,
 Then how he had revenge upon her sex
 In Dido's state, whom bravely he enjoy'd,
 And quitted her as bravely too when cloy'd:
 He knew the fatal danger of her charms, 50
 And scorn'd to melt his virtue in her arms.
 Next Nisus and Euryalus we admire,
 Their gentle friendship, and their martial fire;
 We praise their valour, 'cause yet match'd by none,
 And love their friendship, so much like our own. 55
 But when to give our minds a feast indeed,
 Horace, best known and lov'd by thee, we read,
 Who can our transports, or our longings tell,
 To taste of pleasures, prais'd by him so well?
 With thoughts of love and wine by him we're fir'd 60
 Two things in sweet retirement much desir'd:
 A generous bottle and a lovesome she,
 Are th' only joys in nature next to thee:
 To which retiring quietly at night,
 If (as that only can) to add delight, 65
 When to our little cottage we repair,
 We find a friend or two, we'd wish for there.
 Dear Beverley, kind as parting lover's tears,
 Adderley, honest as the sword he wears,
 Wilton, professing friendship yet a friend, 70
 Or Short, beyond what numbers can commend,
 Finch, full of kindness, generous as his blood,
 Watchful to do, to modest merit, good;
 Who have forsook the vile tumultuous town,
 And for a taste of life to us come down, 75

With eager arms, how closely we embrace!
 What joys in every heart, and every face!
 The moderate table's quickly cover'd o'er,
 With choicest meats at least, though not with store:
 Of bottles next succeeds a goodly train, 80
 Full of what cheers the heart, and fires the brain:
 Each waited on by a bright virgin glass,
 Clean, sound, and shining like its drinker's lass.
 Then down we sit, while every genius tries
 To improve, till he deserves his sacrifice: 85
 No saucy hour presumes to stint delight,
 We laugh, love, drink, and when that's done 'tis night.
 Well warm'd and pleas'd, as we think fit we'll part,
 Each takes th' obedient treasure of his heart,
 And leads her willing to his silent bed, 90
 Where no vexatious cares come near his head,
 But every sense with perfect pleasure's fed;
 Till in full joy dissolv'd, each falls asleep
 With twining limbs, that still love's posture keep;
 At dawn of morning to renew delight, 95
 So quiet craving love, till the next night:
 Then we the drowsy cells of sleep forsake,
 And to our books our earliest visit make;
 Or else our thoughts to their attendance call,
 And there, methinks, Fancy sits queen of all: 100
 While the poor under faculties resort,
 And to her fickle majesty make court;
 The understanding first comes plainly clad,
 But usefully; no entrance to be had.
 Next comes the will, that bully of the mind, 105
 Follies wait on him in a troop behind:
 He meets reception from the antic queen,
 Who thinks her majesty's most honour'd, when
 Attended by those fine dress'd gentlemen.
 Reason, the honest counsellor, this knows, 110
 And into court with resolute virtue goes;
 Lets Fancy see her loose irregular sway,
 Then how the flattering follies sneak away!
 This image, when it came, too fiercely shock
 My brain, which its soft quiet straight forsook; 115

When waking as I cast my eyes around,
Nothing but old loathed vanities I found ;
No grove, no freedom, and, what's worse to me,
No friend ; for I have none compar'd with thee.
Soon then my thoughts with their old tyrant Care 120
Were seiz'd ; which to divert, I fram'd this prayer :

Gods ! life's your gift, then season't with such fate,
That what ye meant a blessing prove no weight.
Let me to the remotest part be whirl'd,
Of this your play-thing made in haste, the world : 125
But grant me quiet, liberty, and peace,
By day what's needful, and at night soft ease ;
The friend I trust in, and the she I love,
Then fix me ; and if e'er I wish remove,
Make me as great (that's wretched) as you can, 130
Set me in power, the woeful'st state of man ;
To be by fools misled, to knaves a prey,
But make life what I ask or take 't away. 133



TO MR. CREECH,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIVS.

SIR, when your book the first time came abroad,
 I must confess I stood amaz'd and aw'd;
 For, as to some good-nature I pretend,
 I fear'd to read, lest I should not commend.
 Lucretius English'd! 'twas a work might shake 5
 The power of English verse to undertake.
 This all men thought; but you are born, we find,
 T' out-do the expectations of mankind;
 Since you've so well the noble task perform'd,
 Envy's appeas'd, and prejudice disarm'd: 10
 For when the rich original we peruse,
 And by it try the metal you produce,
 Though there indeed the purest ore we find,
 Yet still in you it something seems refin'd:
 Thus when the great Lucretius gives a loose, 15
 And lashes to her speed his fiery Muse;
 Still with him you maintain an equal pace,
 And bear full stretch upon him all the race;
 But when in rugged way we find him rein
 His verse, and not so smooth a stroke maintain; 20
 There the advantage he receives is found,
 By you taught temper, and to chuse his ground.
 Next, his philosophy you've so express
 In genuine terms, so plain, yet neatly dress,
 Those murderers that now mingle it all day 25
 In schools may learn from you the easy way
 To let us know what they would mean and say:
 If Aristotle's friends will shew the grace
 To wave for once that statute in their case.
 Go on then, Sir, and since you could aspire, 30
 And reach this height, aim yet at laurels higher:
 Secure great injur'd Maro from the wrong
 He unredeem'd has labour'd with so long
 In Holbourn rhyme, and, lest the book should fail,
 Expos'd with pictures to promote the sale: 35
 So tapsters set out signs, for muddy ale.

You're only able to retrieve his doom,
 And make him here as fam'd as once at Rome :
 For sure, when Julius first this isle subdued,
 Your ancestors then mixt with Roman blood ; 40
 Some near ally'd to that whence Ovid came,
 Virgil and Horace, those three sons of Fame ;
 Since to their memory it is so true,
 And shews their poetry so much in you.
 Go on in pity to this wretched isle, 45
 Which ignorant poetasters do defile
 With lousy madrigals for lyric verse ;
 Instead of comedy with nasty farce.
 Would Plautus, Terence, e'er have been so lewd
 T' have dress'd Jack-pudding up to catch the crowd ? 50
 Or Sophocles five tedious acts have made,
 To shew a whining fool in love betray'd
 By some false friend or slippery chambermaid,
 Then, ere he hangs himself, bemoans his fall
 In a dull speech, and that fine language call ? 55
 No, since we live in such a fulsome age,
 When nonsense loads the press, and choaks the stage ;
 When blockheads will claim wit in nature's spight,
 And every dunce, that starves, presumes to write,
 Exert yourself, defend the Muse's cause, 60
 Proclaim the right, and to maintain their laws
 Make the dead ancients speak the British tongue ;
 That so each chattering daw, who aims at song,
 In his own mother-tongue may humbly read
 What engines yet are wanting in his head 65
 To make him equal to the mighty dead,
 For of all Nature's works we most should scorn
 The thing who thinks himself a poet born,
 Unbred, untaught, he rhymes, yet hardly spells,
 And senselessly, as squirrels jingle bells. 70
 Such things, Sir, here abound ; may therefore you
 Be ever to your friends, the Muses, true !
 May our defects be by your pow'rs supply'd,
 Till, as our envy now, you grow our pride ;
 Till by your pen restor'd, in triumph borne,
 The majesty of poetry return ! 76

OTWAY'S POEMS.
EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN UPON

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK

Coming to the Theatre, Friday April 21, 1682.

WHEN too much plenty, luxury and ease,
 Had surfeited this isle to a disease;
 When noisome blains did its best parts o'erspread,
 And on the rest their dire infection shed;
 Our great physician, who the nature knew 5
 Of the distemper, and from whence it grew,
 Fix'd, for three kingdoms' quiet, Sir, on you:
 He cast his searching eye's o'er all the frame,
 And finding whence before one sickness came,
 How once before our mischiefs foster'd were, 10
 Knew well your virtue, and apply'd you there:
 Where so your goodness, so your justice sway'd,
 You but appear'd, and the wild plague was stay'd.
 When, from the filthy dunghill-faction bred,
 New form'd rebellion durst rear up its head, 15
 Answer me all: Who struck the monster dead?
 See, see, the injur'd prince, and bless his name,
 Think on the martyr from whose loins he came;
 Think on the blood was shed for you before,
 And curse the parricides that thirst for more. 20
 His foes are yours, then of their wiles beware:
 Lay, lay him in your hearts, and guard him there,
 Where let his wrongs your zeal for him improve;
 He wears a sword will justify your love.
 With blood still ready for your good t'expend, 25
 And has a heart that ne'er forgot his friend.
 His duteous loyalty before you lay,
 And learn of him, unmurm'ring to obey.
 Think what he's borne, your quiet to restore;
 Repent your madness, and rebel no more. 30
 No more let Bouteuseus hope to lead petitions,
 Scriveners to be treasurers; pedlars, politicians;
 Nor every fool, whose wife has tript at court,
 Pluck up a spirit, and turn rebel for't.

EPILOGUE.

61

In lands where cuckolds multiply like ours,
What prince can be too jealous of their powers,
Or can too often think himself alarm'd ?

35

They're mal-contents that ev'ry where go arm'd :
And when the horned herd's together got,
Nothing portends a common-wealth like that.

40

Cast, cast your idols off, your gods of wood,
Ere yet Philistines fatten with your blood :
Renounce your priests of Baal, with amen faces,
Your Wapping feasts, and your Mile-end high places.

Nail all your medals on the gallows post,
In recompence th' original was lost :

45

At these, illustrious repentance pay,
In his kind hands your humble offerings lay :
Let loyal pardon be by him implor'd,
Th' atoning brother of your anger'd lord :

50

He only brings a medicine fit t' assuage
A people's folly, and rouz'd monarch's rage.
An infant prince, yet labouring in the womb,
Fated with wondrous happiness to come,
He goes to fetch the mighty blessings home :

55

Send all your wishes with him, let the air
With gentle breezes waft it safely there,
The seas, like what they'll carry, calm and fair :
Let the illustrious mother touch our land
Mildly, as hereafter may her son command ;
While our glad monarch welcomes her to shore,
With kind assurance she shall part no more.

60

Be the majestic babe then smiling born,
And all good signs of fate his birth adorn,
So live and grow a constant pledge to stand,
Of Cæsar's love to an obedient land.

66



SPOKEN TO
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,

ON HER
RETURN FROM SCOTLAND,

IN THE YEAR 1682.

ALL you, who this day's jubilee attend,
And every loyal Muse's loyal friend,
That come to treat your longing wishes here,
Turn your desiring eyes, and feast them there.
Thus falling on your knees with me implore, 5
May this poor land ne'er lose that presence more!
But if there any in this circle be,
That come so curst to envy what they see,
From the vain fool that would be great too soon,
To the dull knave that writ the last lampoon! 10
Let such, as victims to that beauty's fame,
Hang their vile blasted heads, and die with shame.
Our mighty blessing is at last return'd,
The joy arriv'd for which so long we mourn'd:
From whom our present peace we expect increas'd 15
And all our future generations blest.
Time, have a care: bring safe the hour of joy,
When some blest tongue proclaims a royal boy:
And when 'tis born, let nature's hand be strong;
Bless him with days of strength, and make them long;
Till charg'd with honours we behold him stand, 21
Three kingdoms banners waiting his command,
His father's conquering sword within his hand:
Then th' English lions in the air advance,
And with them roaring music to the dance,
Carry a Quo Warranto into France. 26



PROLOGUE

TO MRS. BEHN'S CITY HEIRESS, 1682.

HOW vain have prov'd the labours of the stage,
 In striving to reclaim a vicious age !
 Poets may write, the mischief to impeach ;
 You care as little what the poets teach
 As you regard at church what parsons preach. 5
 But where such follies and such vices reign,
 What honest pen has patience to refrain ?
 At church, in pews, ye most devoutly snore,
 And here, got dully drunk, ye come to roar ;
 Ye go to church, to glout and ogle there, 10
 And come to meet more lewd convenient here :
 With equal zeal ye honour either place,
 And run so very evenly your race,
 Y'improve in wit just as ye do in grace.
 It must be so ; some dæmon has possess'd 15
 Our land, and we have never since been blest.
 Y'have seen it all, and heard of its renown,
 In reverend shape it stalk'd about the town,
 Six yeomen tall attending on its frown.
 Sometimes, with humble note and zealous lore, 20
 'Twould play the apostolic function o'er :
 But heaven have mercy on us when it swore !
 Whene'er it swore, to prove the oaths were true,
 Out of his mouth at random halters flew
 Round some unwary neck, by magic thrown, 25
 Though still the cunning devil sav'd his own :
 For when th' enchantment could no longer last,
 The subtle Pug, most dextrously uncast,
 Left awful form for one more seeming pious,
 And in a moment vary'd to defy us ; 30
 From silken doctor, homespun Ananias :
 Left the lewd court, and did in city fix,
 Where still by its old arts it plays new tricks,
 And fills the heads of fools with politics.
 This dæmon lately drew in many a guest, 35
 To part with zealous guinea for—no feast.

Who, but the most incorrigible fops,
For ever doom'd in dismal cells, call'd shops,
To cheat and damn themselves to get their livings,
Would lay sweet money out in sham thankgivings?
Sham plots you may have paid for o'er and o'er; 41
But whoe'er paid for a sham treat before?
Had you not better sent your offerings all
Hither to us, than Sequestrator's Hall?
I being your steward, justice had been done ye;
I could have entertain'd you worth your money. 46

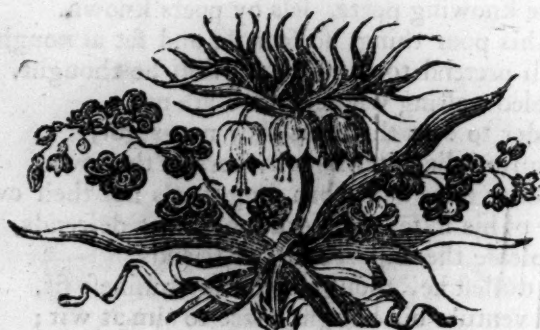


PROLOGUE

TO N. LEE'S CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

WHAT think ye meant wise Providence, when first
 Poets were made? I'd tell you, if I durst,
 That 'twas in contradiction to heaven's word,
 That when its spirit o'er the waters stirr'd,
 When it saw all, and said that all was good, 5
 The creature poet was not understood:
 For, were it worth the pains of six long days,
 To mould retailers of dull third day plays,
 That starve out threescore years in hopes of bays?
 'Tis plain they ne'er were of the first creation, 10
 But came by mere equivocal generation?
 Like rats in ships, without coition bred,
 As hated too as they are, and unfed.
 Nature their species sure must needs disown,
 Scarce knowing poets, less by poets known. 15
 Yet this poor thing, so scorn'd and set at nought,
 Ye all pretend to, and would fain be thought.
 Disabled wasting whoremasters are not
 Prouder to own the brats they never got,
 Than fumbling itching rhymers of the town 20
 T' adopt some base-born song that's not their own.
 Spite of his state, my Lord sometimes descends,
 To please the importunity of friends.
 The dullest he, thought most for business fit,
 Will venture his bought place to aim at wit; 25
 And though he sinks with his employs of state,
 Till common sense forsake him, he'll translate.
 The poet and the whore alike complains
 Of trading quality, that spoils their gains;
 The lords will write, and ladies will have swains! 30
 Therefore all you who have male issue born
 Under the starving sign of Capricorn,
 Prevent the malice of their stars in time,
 And warn them early from the sin of rhyme:
 Tell them how Spencer starv'd, how Cowley mourn'd,
 How Butler's faith and service was return'd; 36

And if such warning they refuse to take,
 This last experiment, O parents make!
 With hands behind them see th' offender ty'd,
 The parish whip and beadle by his side; 40
 Then lead him to some stall that does expose
 The authors he loves most; there rub his nose,
 Till, like a spaniel lash'd to know command,
 He by the due correction understand,
 To keep his brain clean, and not foul the land; 45
 Till he against his nature learn to strive,
 And get the knack of dulness how to thrive. 47



THE SIXTEENTH ODE

OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

IN storms when clouds the moon do hide,
 And no kind stars the pilot guide,
 Shew me at sea the boldest there,
 Who does not wish for quiet here.
 For quiet, friend, the soldier fights, 5
 Bears weary marches, sleepless nights,
 For this feeds hard, and lodges cold ;
 Which can't be bought with hills of gold.
 Since wealth and power too weak we find,
 To quell the tumults of the mind ; 10
 Or from the monarch's roofs of state
 Drive thence the cares that round him wait :
 Happy the man with little blest,
 Of what his father left possest :
 No base desires corrupt his head, 15
 No fears disturb him in his bed.
 What then in life, which soon must end,
 Can all our vain designs intend ?
 From shore to shore why should we run,
 When none his tiresome self can shun ? 20
 For baneful care will still prevail,
 And overtake us under sail,
 'Twill dodge the great man's train behind,
 Out-run the roe, out-fly the wind.
 If then thy soul rejoice to-day, 25
 Drive far to-morrow's cares away.
 In laughter let them all be drown'd :
 No perfect good is to be found.
 One mortal feels Fates sudden blow,
 Another's lingering death comes slow ; 30
 And what of life they take from thee,
 The gods may give to punish me.
 Thy portion is a wealthy stock,
 A fertile glebe, a fruitful flock,
 Horses and chariots for thy ease, 35
 Rich robes to deck and make thee please.

For me, a little cell I chuse,
Fit for my mind, fit for my Muse,
Which soft content does best adorn,
Shunning the knaves and fools I scorn.

40

THE BEGINNING OF
A PASTORAL,
ON THE
DEATH OF HIS LATE MAJESTY.

WHAT horror's this that dwells upon the plain,
And thus disturbs the shepherd's peaceful reign?
A dismal sound breaks through the yielding air,
Forewarning us some dreadful storm is near.
The bleating flocks in wild confusion stray, 5
The early larks forsake their wand'ring way,
And cease to welcome in the new-born day.
Each nymph possess'd with a distracted fear,
Disorder'd hangs her loose dishevel'd hair.
Diseases with her strong convulsions reign, 10
And deities, not known before to pain,
Are now with apoplectic seizures slain.
Hence flow our sorrows, hence increase our fears,
Each humble plant does drop her silver tears.
Ye tender lambs, stray not so fast away, 15
To weep and mourn let us together stay:
O'er all the universe let it be spread,
That now the shepherd of the flock is dead.
The royal Pan, that shepherd of the sheep,
He, who to leave his flock did dying weep, 20
Is gone, ah gone! ne'er to return from death's eternal
Begin, Damela, let thy numbers fly [sleep!
Aloft, where the soft milky way does lie;
Mopsus, who Daphnis to the stars did sing,
Shall join with you, and thither waft our king. 25
Play gently on your reeds a mournful strain,
And tell in notes through all th' Arcadian plain,
The royal Pan, the shepherd of the sheep,
He, who to leave his flock did dying weep, [sleep
Is gone, ah gone! ne'er to return from death's eternal

THE COMPLAINT:

A SONG.

To a Scotch Tune.

I LOVE, I doat, I rave with pain,
 No quiet's in my mind,
 Though ne'er could be a happier swain,
 Were Sylvia less unkind.
 For when, as long her chains I've worn,
 I ask relief from smart,
 She only gives me looks of scorn;
 Alas! 'twill break my heart!

My rivals, rich in worldly store,
 May offer heaps of gold,
 But surely I a heaven adore,
 Too precious to be sold;
 Can Sylvia such a coxcomb prize,
 For wealth, and not desert;
 And my poor sighs and tears despise?
 Alas! 'twill break my heart!

When, like some panting, hovering dove,
 I for my bliss contend,
 And plead the cause of eager love,
 She coldly calls me friend.
 Alas, Sylvia! thus vain you strive
 To act a healers part:
 'Twill keep but lingering pain alive,
 Alas! and break my heart.

When on my lonely pensive bed
 I lay me down to rest,
 In hope to calm my raging head,
 And cool my burning breast,
 Her cruelty all ease denies:
 With some sad dream I start;
 All drown'd with tears I find my eyes,
 And breaking feel my heart.

Then, rising, through the path I rove,
 That leads me where she dwells,
 Where, to the senseless waves, my love
 Its mournful story tells;
 With sighs I dew and kiss the door,
 Till morning bids depart;
 Then vent ten thousand sighs and more:
 Alas! 'twill break my heart!

35

40

But, Sylvia, when this conquest's won,
 And I am dead and cold,
 Renounce the cruel deed you've done,
 Nor glory when 'tis told;
 For every lovely generous maid
 Will take my injur'd part,
 And curse thee, Sylvia, I'm afraid,
 For breaking my poor heart.

45

48



FINIS.



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